

IN*

FREE
LIKE WE ALL
SHOULD BE

A COLLECTIVE VIEW
OF MODERN SOCIETY





WELCOME TO THE THIRD ISSUE OF .IN* (PRONOUNCED "INKS"). OUR MISSION IS TO COMBINE ART AND TEXT IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY TO MAKE A STATEMENT ABOUT CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL ISSUES. IN* HARKENS BACK TO THE UNDERGROUND COMICS OF THE '60S IN ITS GRITTY DEPICTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE IN 2019 FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW. WE SEARCH OUT VOICES FROM EVERY RACE, SEXUAL ORIENTATION, ECONOMIC STATUS, RELIGION AND POLITICAL PERSPECTIVE. AFTER ALL, READING, AND EMPATHY GAINED FROM READING ABOUT OTHERS' EXPERIENCES ARE WHAT WILL BRING PEACE IN THIS WORLD.

WE WANT TO THANK ALL OF THE CONTRIBUTORS WHO SUBMITTED THE FANTASTIC STORIES IN THIS ISSUE. IT IS THEY WHO MAKE THIS PUBLICATION WHAT IT IS. IT IS THEIR FEARLESS VOICES THAT SPEAK TO ALL OF US.

AND THANK YOU TO ALL OF THE STORE AND RESTAURANT OWNERS WHO EAGERLY ALLOW US TO PLACE COPIES OF .IN* BY THEIR FRONT DOOR OR BESIDE THE CASH REGISTER. THEIR ENTHUSIASM MAKES IT A JOY TO DISTRIBUTE 1,000 COPIES OF EACH ISSUE ALL OVER CHARLOTTE, ATLANTA, GREENSBORO AND WILMINGTON.

ALSO, THANKS TO THE READERS WHO HAVE SHOWN THEIR SUPPORT AND APPRECIATION. IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT WE'RE MAKING A DIFFERENCE. THERE IS NOTHING LIKE .IN* IN THESE AREAS WHICH SEEM TO BE STARVED FOR GRASS ROOTS CREATIVE EXPRESSION.

WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR SUBMISSIONS WHETHER IT'S ART, A STORY, A POEM OR A COMBINATION. TELL YOUR WRITER AND ARTIST FRIENDS! SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO INXCOMIC@GMAIL.COM, AND LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS ISSUE.

Why 'Born To Run' Is My Favorite Album

by Jerry Lee Kirk

August 1975 I laid in bed with a clock radio on my chest, sound low as not to wake my family, listening to the 'Midnight Album of the Week' on a local FM station. They were playing the just released 'Born to Run' by Bruce Springsteen, whose music I'd never heard.



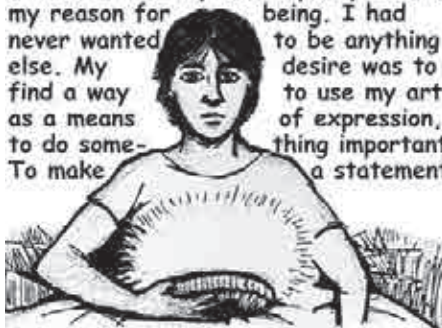
Like most 15 year olds I was 'into' music but I'd never heard anything like what I was listening to at that moment. It wasn't disco or bubble gum or even 'The Who' or 'Rolling Stones'. 'Born to Run' was everything that rock n' roll was supposed to be and more. It was epic, grand, even cinematic in it's lyrics. It was transcendent. I was completely blown away.



Summer was coming to an end and I was about to begin my sophomore year of High School the same way that I ended my freshman year - painfully shy, awkward and with very few friends. My angst was palpable. It was easy to lose myself in these songs about redemption, escape and the freedom of the road.

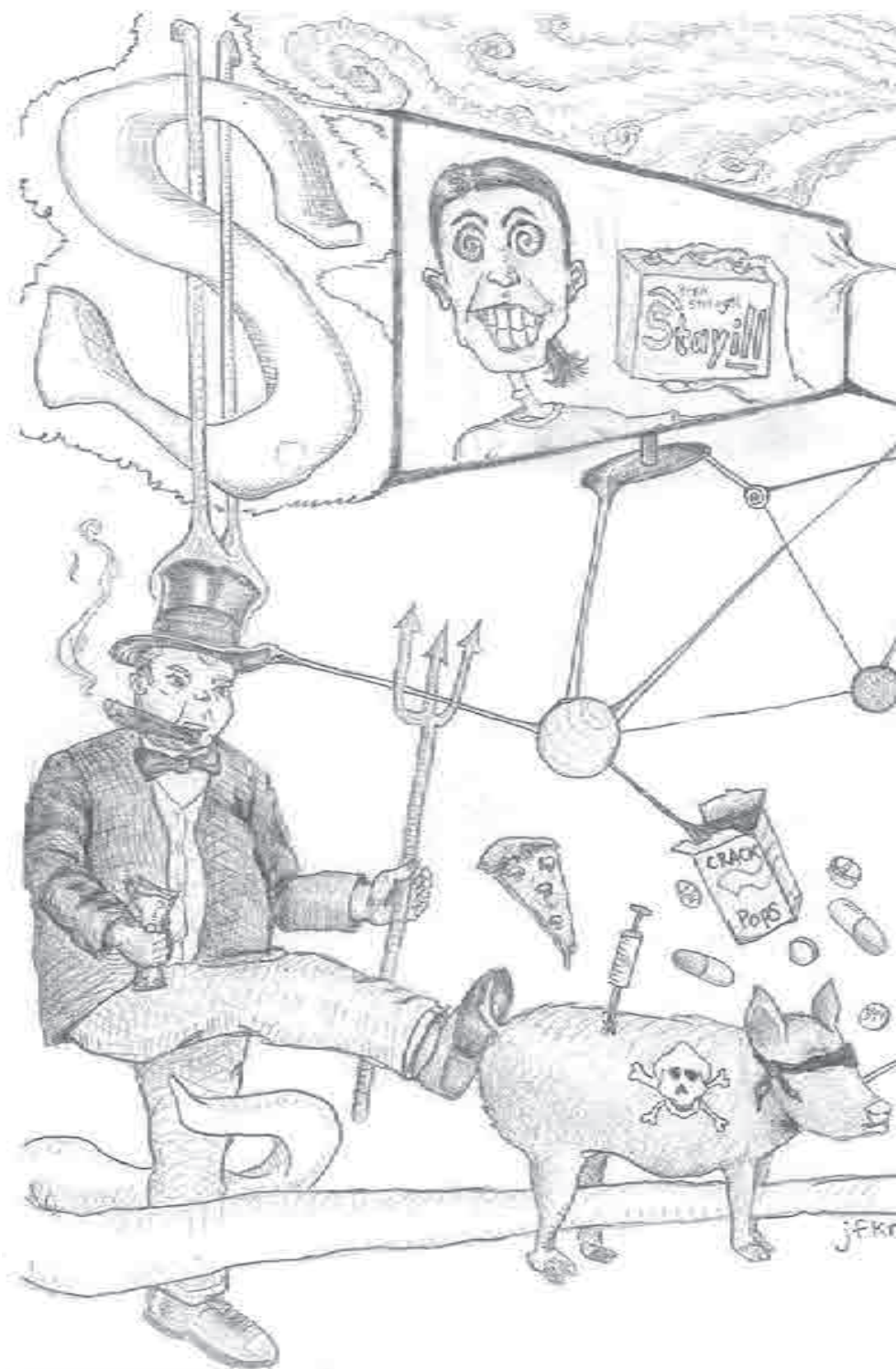


I was certain of only one thing in my young life at that time: I was an artist. It was my identity, my essence my reason for being. I had never wanted to be anything else. My desire was to find a way to use my art as a means of expression, to do something important. To make a statement.



As I listened immobile and intently to Springsteen's words and music that night, I realized he was confirming what I already felt to be true... to grow as an artist and as a man I needed life experiences beyond what I was receiving in school and in the stifling suburbs in which I lived. What I needed to do was to hit the road, so to speak, to find myself and my art in those places outside of the safety net. 'Born to Run' was a door for me. Once opened it led me to Jack Kerouac, Bob Dylan and other artists who's work would show me the way. 'Born to Run' was a revelation for me and that night was a beginning.

©Jerry L. Kirk







Linoleum cut artwork
© Gerry Mooney

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

“Charley, Charley!” said my guardian. “How old are you?”

“Over thirteen, sir,” replied the child.

“Oh! What a great age,” said my guardian. “What a great age, Charley!”

I cannot describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her, half playfully yet all the more compassionately and mournfully.

“And do you live alone here with these babies, Charley?” said my guardian.

“Yes, sir,” returned the child, looking up into his face with perfect confidence, “since father died.”

“And how do you live, Charley? Oh! Charley,” said my guardian, turning his face away for a moment, “how do you live?”

“Since father died, sir, I’ve gone out to work. I’m out washing to-day.”

“God help you, Charley!” said my guardian. “You’re not tall enough to reach the tub!”

“In pattens I am, sir,” she said quickly. “I’ve got a high pair as belonged to mother.”

“And when did mother die? Poor mother!”

“Mother died just after Emma was born,” said the child, glancing at the face upon her bosom. “Then father said I was to be as good a mother to her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked at home and did cleaning and nursing and washing for a long time before I began to go out. And that’s how I know how; don’t you see, sir?”

“And do you often go out?”

“As often as I can,” said Charley, opening her eyes and smiling, “because of earning sixpences and shillings!”

“And do you always lock the babies up when you go out?”

“To keep ‘em safe, sir, don’t you see?” said Charley. “Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then, and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes, and they can play you know, and Tom an’t afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?”

“No-o!” said Tom stoutly.

“When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don’t they, Tom?”

“Yes, Charley,” said Tom, “almost quite bright.”

“Then he’s as good as gold,” said the little creature—Oh, in such a motherly, womanly way! “And when Emma’s tired, he puts her to bed. And when he’s tired he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle and has a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don’t you, Tom?”

“Oh, yes, Charley!” said Tom. “That I do!” And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock and passed from laughing into crying.

Charles Dickens
BLEAK HOUSE



Unbrave New World

By Jim Patel

Living in the new age,
People constantly looking at their phones,
They don't make phone calls...they text,
Or they are looking at facebook, Instagram, snapchat, etc,
People sit in a room together and don't talk...they look at their phones,
People hardly even watch tv anymore,
They watch Netflix on their laptops,
Truly an advanced society.







You were
Pregnant?!



Colored Version ©2019 The Gorgon Transplant/Karla Holland

FILTHY POSSUM Records



Aisles
and
Aisles
of
Unloved
Viny!

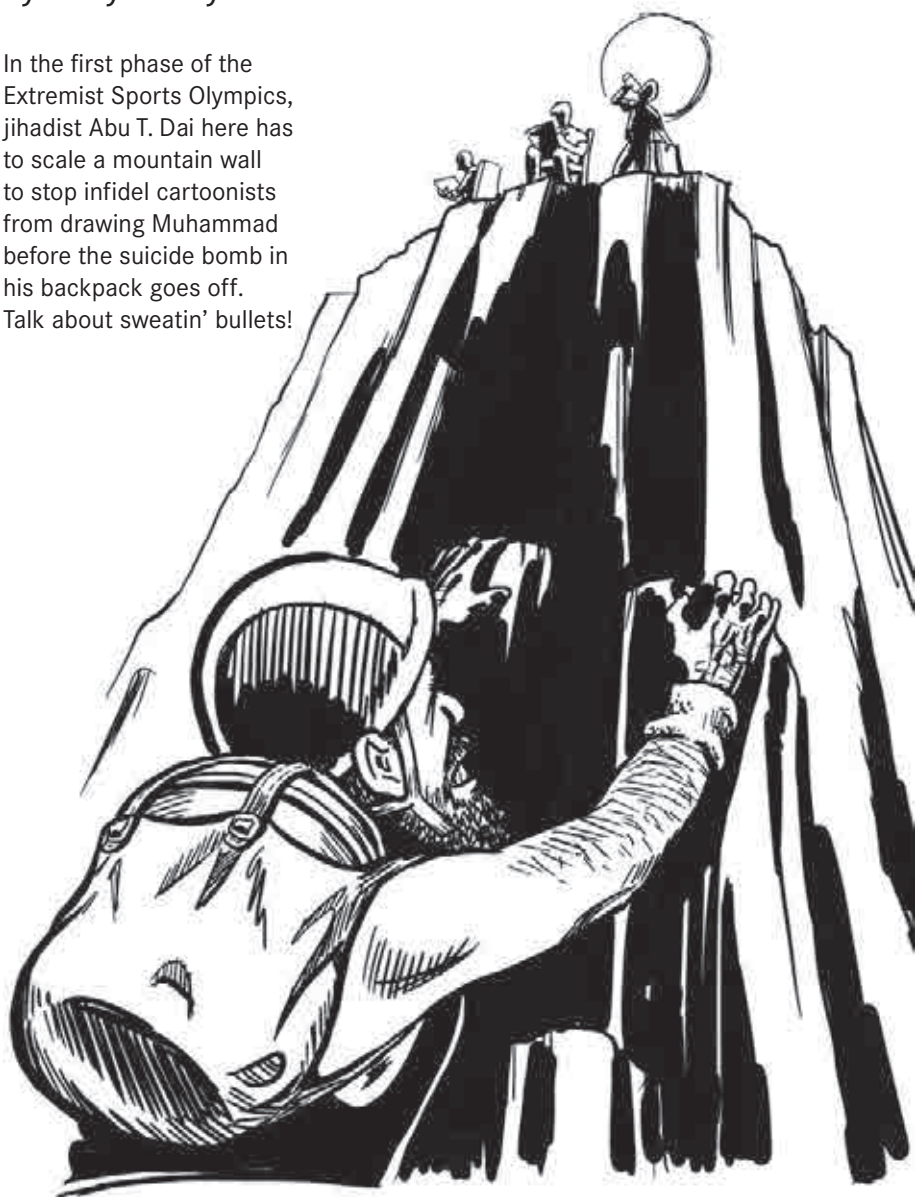
Featuring

- HERB ALBERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS
- FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE!
- SING ALONG WITH MITCH
- FERRANTE AND TEICHNER
- MANTOVANI
- BELT KRAEMPFERT

EXTREMIST SPORTS

by Rudy Aliday

In the first phase of the Extremist Sports Olympics, jihadist Abu T. Dai here has to scale a mountain wall to stop infidel cartoonists from drawing Muhammad before the suicide bomb in his backpack goes off. Talk about sweatin' bullets!

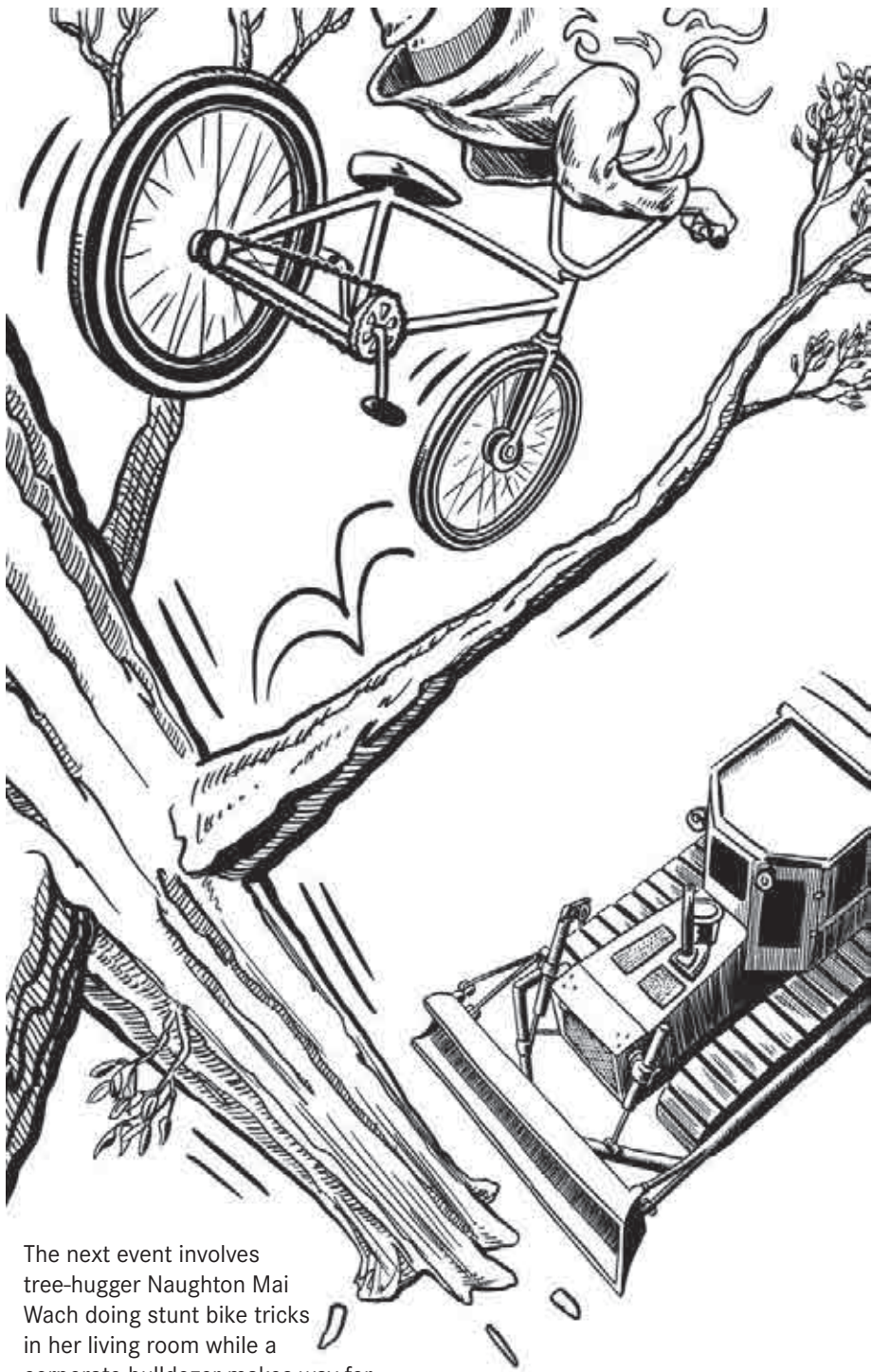


Next, neo-Nazi Rily A. Jooboy has to skateboard past the people he has persecuted all his life. And they're ready for their own version of sk-hate crimes.



Bible-thumpin' Christian conservative Phil H. Tio hates gays and abortions. Here's his chance to parkour into action and stop an unnatural act between two grown men.





The next event involves tree-hugger Naughton Mai Wach doing stunt bike tricks in her living room while a corporate bulldozer makes way for a new apartment complex on the Lynx Blue Line.

And, at last, the final event features PETA member Sadie Ann Moles wakeboarding through the path of some of her most favorite and cuddly of god’s precious creatures.



ROCK PIGEON®

BIRD DETECTIVE

SMITH '19

7.07

OOH, MY HEAD!

ANOTHER ALL NIGHT
DRINKING BINGE AT
KELLYS BAR?

NOPE. I FLEW
INTO ANOTHER
WINDOW PANE..

WHATTA YA
GOT, TWEETY?

SOME STOOOOL PIGEON
LOOKING FOR HIS
MISSING BROTHER.

HE SUSPECTS
FOWL PLAY.

Turns out my client was a cardinal.
And man, these guys have their secrets.



AFTER A QUICK STATUE BREAK, I BEGAN TO
FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF CRUMBS, ER.. CLUES!



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - THIS CASE WAS STARTING TO
RUFFLE MY FEATHERS!

MY INVESTIGATION LED ME TO FRANKIE, AN EX-JAILBIRD.
IN NO TIME I HAD THIS BLUE JAY SINGING LIKE A CANARY!



WHEN I CORNERED LEO, HE GRABBED AN INNOCENT
BYSTANDER.



LEFT WITH NO OTHER CHOICE, I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO -
I USED A LASER POINTER TO LEAD HIM STRAIGHT INTO A
JAIL CELL.



YET ANOTHER CAGE, ER-CASE CLOSED FOR
ROCK ★ PIGEON!
BIRD DETECTIVE



.IN* ISSUE #3 CONTRIBUTORS



P. 3 BORN TO RUN

JERRY KIRK WRITER/ARTIST

JERRY KIRK IS AN AWARD-WINNING ARTIST LOCATED IN CHARLOTTE. HIS WORK IS IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. HE IS ALSO ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF THE HISTORIC N. DAVIDSON ST. ART DISTRICT KNOWN AS "NODA." FOR MORE INFORMATION AND TO SEE MORE ART, VISIT THE OFFICIAL SITE: WWW.JERRYKIRK.COM



P. 4 STAYILL

JOSH KRAUTMANN WRITER/ARTIST

KRAUTMAN CAN BE REACHED AT JFKRAUTMANN@GMAIL.COM.



P. 6 BLEAK HOUSE

CHARLES DICKENS WRITER

DICKENS USED TO WRITE STORIES ABOUT POOR PEOPLE WITH BAD TEETH LIVING ON AN ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



GERRY MOONEY ARTIST

MOONEY IS A COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATOR AND THE CREATOR OF THE LEGENDARY GRAVITY POSTER ("GRAVITY. IT ISN'T JUST A GOOD IDEA. IT'S THE LAW.") WHICH WAS CITED IN THE FEB. 2004 ISSUE OF SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AND WHICH IS STILL AVAILABLE AT WWW.MOONEYART.COM. MOONEY'S WORK APPEARED IN MANY NEW YORK-AREA PUBLICATIONS INCLUDING FORBES, PARENTS MAGAZINE, THE DAILY NEWS, GOLF DIGEST, MEDICAL ECONOMICS, THE NEW REPUBLIC, ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, NEWSWEEK AND MAD MAGAZINE. HE IS CURRENTLY IN THE PROCESS OF MARKETING A FRENCH-LANGUAGE TABLE GAME THAT HE HAS CREATED.



P. 8 UNBRAVE NEW WORLD

JIM PATEL WRITER/ARTIST

PATEL WAS BORN IN INDIA THEN MOVED TO THE U.S. AS A CHILD WITH HIS FAMILY IN THE 1970S. AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, HE HAD A FULL RIDE SCHOLARSHIP TO HARVARD, BUT AFTER A FEW YEARS BECAME DISILLUSIONED. HE HITCHHIKED FOR A FEW YEARS UNTIL EVENTUALLY BECOMING A "DEADHEAD" IN THE '80S. HE WAS A DEVOUT FOLLOWER OF THE BAND UNTIL JERRY GARCIA'S DEATH IN 1995. HE CURRENTLY RESIDES IN CHARLOTTE.



P. 9 HEARTS

RAHEKU WRITER

RAHEKU IS A CREATOR OF MANY TALENTS INCLUDING POETRY. SHE IS ORIGINALLY FROM LIBERIA AND COMES TO CHARLOTTE VIA LONG ISLAND AND PHILADELPHIA.



GREG RUSSELL ARTIST

GREG IS A TRUE CHARLATAN, BORN AND RAISED IN CHARLOTTE. HE IS A GRAPHIC DESIGNER, ILLUSTRATOR, PHOTOGRAPHER, WEB DESIGNER, WRITER AND EDITOR, BUT HIS FAVORITE THING TO DO IS DRAW COMICS. SEE EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK AT GREGRUSSELL.US



P. 10 MODERN ABORTION LAWS

KARLA HOLLAND WRITER/ARTIST

KARLA IS A WILMINGTON-BASED GRAPHIC DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR. A FORMER RESIDENT OF THE QUEEN CITY, SHE LEFT HER MARK IN THE ARTS COMMUNITY INCLUDING SKETCHCHARLOTTE, TANGENTS MAGAZINE AND THE CHARLOTTE ART LEAGUE. SHE CONTINUES TO CONTEMPLATE ART'S NAVEL THROUGH HER SKETCHES ON INSTAGRAM AT [@THEGORGONTRANSPLANT](https://www.instagram.com/theGORGONTRANSPLANT). FEEL FREE TO CONTACT HER AT THEGORGONTRANSPLANT@GMAIL.COM. OF THIS ISSUE'S CARTOON, HOLLAND SAYS, "I DREW THIS IN 2014 ... SERIOUSLY."



P. 12 FILTHY POSSUM RECORDS

HENRY EUDY WRITER/ARTIST

ACCORDING TO HIS INSTAGRAM PROFILE, EUDY IS A WIZARD. A TRUE STAR. YOU CAN FIND SAID INSTAGRAM ACCOUNT AT [HENRY_EUDY](https://www.instagram.com/HENRY_EUDY).



P. 13 EXTREMIST SPORTS

RUDY ALIDAY WRITER/ARTIST

ALIDAY GOT HIS ARTISTIC TRAINING DRAWING CARICATURES AT THE UNDERWATER RESTAURANT SUBSIX OFF THE COAST OF INDIA. HE WAS THERE FOR 16 YEARS UNTIL THE COMPANY THAT MADE WATERPROOF PAPER WENT OUT OF BUSINESS. SINCE THEN, HE HAS BEEN DOING CHALK DRAWINGS ON SIDEWALKS IN FRONT OF DAY CARE CENTERS ALL ACROSS WEST CHARLOTTE.



P. 18 ROCK PIGEON

STEVE SMITH WRITER/ARTIST

SMITH IS A GREAT CARTOONIST AND A HELLUVA FUNNY GUY.



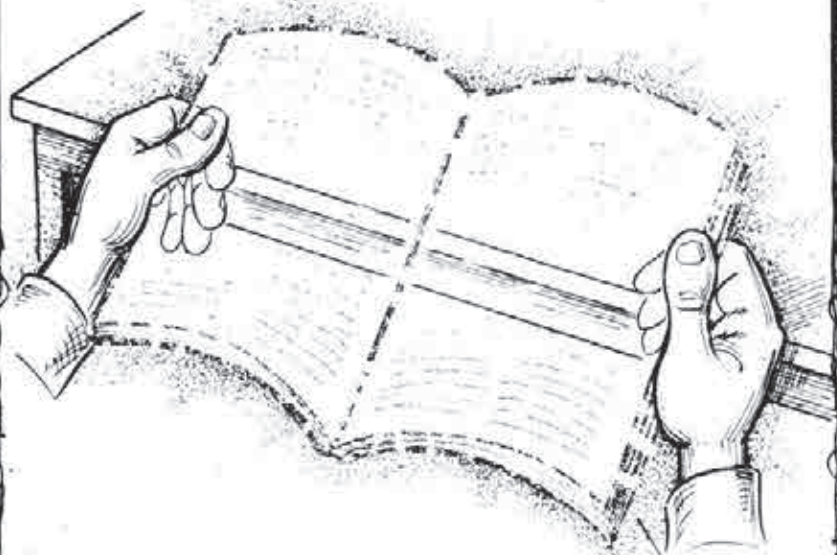
P. 20 MOONEY'S MODULE

GERRY MOONEY WRITER/ARTIST

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MOONEY'S MODULE

IS THIS MAGAZINE FOR REAL?



Is the Earth triangular? Are cats frogs? Maybe these and perhaps many other somewhat provocative questions might be probed on tonight's more-or-less controversial:

"WHO KNOWS?"

Sponsored by I.D.E.S.
(The Institute for Doubting the Evidence of our Senses)

SOMETIME TONIGHT ON TV